

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courtes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet cressie in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle,
Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your readings,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in brieft mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vnjustly gloze,
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betwene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritor in *Salike* Land:

Which *Salike* (as I said) twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuier Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fife. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the vsurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepin*'s Title, and *Hugh Capet*'s Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this *Salique* Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vntwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowte your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'innuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Bish. Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vn furnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Afflays,
Girding with grieuous sieges, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Cant. She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayle,
As is the Owle and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'advised head defends it selfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home:
To the Teat-royal of their Emperour:
Who buisht in his Maiesties surueyes
The singing Mafons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate: